

ments, and made most old activities look insubstantial and remote. On August 4th, 1914, a hand closed over the throats of industrial stnkers, political fighters, and rational thinkers, whose iron clamp was hardly relaxed for the next four years. A vast darkness swallowed up the past. There seemed to be no future. The present, instant, terrifying, was the scene of mighty forces that appeared to have sprung up out of the nether earth, and to partake of a character awful, elemental, and incomprehensible. Under the red glow of the war sky, molten with passion and destructive of thought, the Webbs look rather forlorn and strangely small, as do any indiwdual humans, in t-hat penod of in-human waste and sustained dread and horror. It is hard to see them, moving under its dark and teinble effulgence. No two people in the world, perhaps, found in themselves less of instinctive response to the pnmitn e emotions war released, to none \\as it more appalling in its revelation of the black, imprisoned recesses of the mind of man, in which dwell cruelty, falsity and perverted idealism in a ghastly mingle. To ask whether they understood it, fully, is unnecessary, who did? who does⁹ They certainly suffered under it.

Not in their biography is the place in which to attempt to make living that fearsome tale of years, which, nevertheless, represents the major element in the experience, and the great go\\ernmg factor of the leactions, of two generations. For them, as for others, it was a time of simple personal pain, as well as a time in which

everything in which
they believed appeared to be going under, lost
beneath a
black and tortured tide of senseless suffering
Of affectionate distress, she had the
heavier burden
to carry Her own family, through its younger
generation,
was deeply and intimately involved in the
contrasted phases
of war agony Many of her nephews were
officers at the
front, another nephew, Stephen Hobhouse,
was a leading